## When Age Was Victorious

By Anna Eichberg King

sobblestones among which spronted, stood the old brick church with its solitary gable surmounted by a primitive bell tower. When the bell tolled, Miss Penrose's abode across the way vibrated, and so did the doughnuts on the baker's counter underneath, for Miss Penrose lived over the bakeshop. When the rickety depot carriage swung up before Miss Penrose's house, Aurera, within it, sat looking about in speechess rapture. The ancient hackman elimbed down from his perch and breathed in upen her an air of mingled whisky and peace.

"You're here, mem," he said, and Au-"You're here, mem, and he with you."

"I am sure many men have been in love with you."

"Not just with me, child, but with my with you."

"Not just with me, child, but with my mind. Nevertheless, it's very kind of you. There, run down and see if that was the postman."

The balcony was shielded by a Japan-ess screen and in one corner stood an easy chair. Miss Penrose leaned back among the red cushions and stared down interesting hand."

"Dear aunt, here is a letter—such an interesting hand."

A faint blush crept into Miss Penrose's face. "It should be, for it is from Roger."

whisky and peace.

"You're here, mem," he said, and Aurora looked at him with such an engaging smile that he coughed confidentially
behind a very dirty hand and added.
"She do have the queerest folks come
visitin". One's owin' me a quarter two
years come August. He writes poetry. I
wouldn't have her knew for nothin'!"
and he released her. Aurora flew up the
narrow stairs.

and he released her. Aurora flew up the narrow stairs.

'The old Aurora and the young Aurora!" and she was held at arm's length, and the old Aurora looked at her with critical eyes just a little weary.

'I wouldn't mind being old if I were as distinguished as you are!" and young Aurora flung her arms about her aunt. Miss Penrose winced a little. "So it seems that I am really old? I say it over and over to myself, but I have never quite believed it."

'If I'm only as nice as you when I'm as old—."

"For heaven's sake, child, that will do. It only proves that an old Aurora is absurd. I abhor the name but," she said gayly, kissing her nlece, "may you live to be an old Aurora of a hundred." "What a heavenly place!" said young Aurora, sinking into a low chair and sighing with joy. It was a queer, curving room with five windows full of plants. There was a littered desk and a low table beside a couch, and on the wide hearth a driftwood fire blazed with green and scarlet and golden flames, while the early summer sun flickered through the vines at the windows.

"What a heavenly place!" young Aurora repeated.

"Wait till you see my workshop! Now

"Walt till you see my workshop! Now me to your room. Ah, child, I'm glad to have come! I need youth about. You s I had nearly forgotten that I was

om the balcony of Miss Penrose's From the balcony of Miss Penrose's workshop you could look down the wind-ng river just past the Whitby light-

Miss Penrose proclaimed her supreme indifference to the social amenities when she moved into the old house on the wharf with a bakeshop underneath, which flavored the atmosphere with doughnuts.

"I shall buy the house from the baker it I can," Miss Penrose said to Aurora, "and I mean to live hore and die here. You will inherit it after I am cremated—remember, I wish to be cremated," and she paused in the washing of her brushes. She had on a long calico, paint-splashed pinnafore and there was a tired look in her face. On the easel stood her last work, a sunlit landscape with appletrees in glorious blossom and a pool reflecting the spring sky—and there was a touch of chill in the splendor of the sky.

"You see, it is the youth of the year," she explained, "and youth is always a bit cruel."

"Please don't!"
"Don't what child?"
"Telk of dying,' and Aurora shivered.
"Why not? It is the most interesting experience in life—the only experiment each makes for himself. Sometimes I long for the time. I am a little tired of my own body." she said. "It has stood between me and happiness."

street, paved with larly agreeable one. "You must have which the grass been a very fascinating woman," she said, old brick church "I am sure many men have been in love

"Not the poet?" and young Aurora's eyes were round with wonder and rev-

eyes were round with wonder and reverence.

"Yes, the great Roger Lythgoe." Miss Penrose took the letter, but she looked absentily at the girl. "Aurora if I could have a wish fulfilled it would be to be you—to look like you."

"But aunt, dear, think of your mind and mine—I am so commonplace."

"I know it," and Miss Penrose opened her letter. Young Aurora had a modest opinion of her own mind—she acquiesced. "Aunt Aurora, how I should like to see him! I never saw a real poet."

"Well, he threatens to come," and Miss Penrose frowned.

"Oh, how beautiful!" Then Aurora's face fell. "But he wouldn't notice me."

"I don't know—you never can tell," and the fine, down lines on Miss Penrose's mouth stood sharply out.

"What is he like?"

"I never saw him."

"Never saw him."

"Never saw him."

"He came once two years ago, but I

"Never saw him!"

"He came once iwo years ago, but I had gone away."

"And he was so disappointed that he forgot to pay the hackman," and Aurora laughed. "How I want to see him—but I'd have no chance with you about—poor commonplace me!" The wind was fluttering the skirt of her white gown and a red gauze scarf she had tied about her dusky hair. She was wonderfully pretty. "But tiell me, aunt, what is Mr. Lythgoe like?"

"But tell me, aunt, what is Mr. Lythgoe like?"
"He writes that he is the homeliest
man ever made. Are you preparing to
fall in love with him. Aurora?" Miss
Penrose laughed, but there was a sharp
ring in her voice.
Miss Penrose sat at her desk writing
and Aurora watered the plants. She put
each on the window-sill and deluged it
most unreflectingly. The house vibrated
as the old church across the way boomed
the hour.

as the old church across the hour.

"If you wish to respect time, have it measured off," said Miss Penrose. "The bell says an hour is dead; it will never come back again."

"Who cares?" said young Aurora.

"Wait till the hours grow scarce."

"When I'm as old as you, perhaps."

Miss Penrose winced.

"You are not commonplace. Aurora.

Miss Penrose winced.

"You are not commonplace, Aurora; you have a way of putting things."

Aurora was glad that her distinguished aunt did not consider her commonplace, and she watered the flowers with renewed enthusiasm, when up from the street there came a deep growl, and Aurora thrust her bright face among the pots and fell back with a gasp of frightened amusement. "I poured the water right on his head," she gasped; "such a funny little man—look at him!" The victim below was mopping his hat and face. "I believe he is rooted to the spot—why doesn't he go away?"

Miss Penrose looked through the ivy

why doesn't he go away?"

Miss Penrose looked through the ivy trellis. The yletim of the watering pot was still looking up, his damp hat in his hand and his white hair glistening in the afternoon sun. "Child, I think you have really made a conquest."

"That old thing?" and Aurora flung herself into a chair and laughed hysterically, just as the doorbell gave a sharp peal.

"He's angry, and he's come to—"
and Aurora turned pale.

"My dear, if you will pour water over elderly gentlemen, you must take the consequences," and Miss Penrose retreated, laughing, just as the hall door to opened and the little maid servant ushered in a short, stout elderly man, whose gray heard lay on his portly breast as on a salver. Aurora rose and stared apprehensively at her victim.

"Aurora!" he cried passionately, and took her long, slim fingers in his own. "At last!"

Aurora stared at him with frightened brown eyes.

"I knew you at once," he said.

"You knew me at once," she faltered.
"When I saw your beautiful face among the flowers—"
Aurora recovered herself and smiled. He might be insane, but he was certainly civil. "I knew it must be Aurora Pender of the insane, but he was certainly civil. "I knew it must be Aurora Pender of the insane, but he was certainly civil. "I knew it must be Aurora Pender of the insane, but he was certainly civil. "I knew it must be Aurora Pender of the balcony young Aurora stared that why," he cried repreachfully why did you persist in maligning your self?"

"Forgive me," young Aurora said, in polite perplexity, "If I ask who you are?" If the urined quite pale. "Can you not guess?" he faltered. "Did I not prepare you to see the ugliest man God ever you to see the uglies with the coner of the balcony, "she said with a slightly sarcasti

why did you persist in maigning yourself?"

"Forgive me," young Aurora said, in
polite perplexity. "If I ask who you are?"
He turned quite pale. "Can you not
guess?" he faitered. "Did I not prepare
you to see the ugliest man God ever
made, and did you not say it was the
man and not the face?"

"Oh, dear me! I am afraid this is all
a dreadful mistake!"

"A mistake? How is that possible?
Surely you are Aurora Penrose—"

"Yes, I am Aurora Penrose—"

"God be praised!"

"But so is my aunt."

He sank upon the nearest chair and

"But so is my aunt."

He sank upon the nearest chair and Aurora lingered, her hand on the doorknob. She was sorry for him: she knew the disillusion in store for him.

"Who shall I say?" she asked gently.

"Roger Lythgoe."

Young Aurora gasped. She looked at him as at a vision. He seemed taller and slimmer and his eyes were quite beautiful behind the gold spectacles. As for the great poet, he vouchsafed her not another glauce, but bent all his energies to rubbing the nap of his ruined hat. He was still at it when Miss Penrose came in, and for a moment they stood and looked at each other in silence.

Do you find me disappointing?" Miss Penrose asked abruptly.

"Let me rather ask, Do you find me

They looked at each other again and neither spoke. Then they both blushed. Her last letter he always carried in his breast pocket, and its very touch had made him quiver—how often he had kissed the fine, clear writing! His forehead grew damp at the mere remembrance, and somehow he could not see himself in future carrying about the correspondence of this elderly lady. As for Miss Penrose, she remembered with a kind of horror the long evenings she had dreamed away on her balcony, his letter her only companion, reading the passionate utterances of the man she had never seen.

It was Miss Penrose who first recovered herself. "So after two years I at last see the poet," she said, politely.

"And I the distinguished artist." he added, with a forced smile. "Your pictures are poems without words; mine were needless."

"I had just sent you a letter begging you not to come," she exclaimed abruptly.
"Why?"

"I don't know, but I was right."

Mr. Lythgoe had fought a gallant fight and was regaining his equanimity. "And this is the room you have so well described to me," and he looked curiously about. "How often I have longed to be here and in its peace and silence to read to you, first of all the world, what I had written."

remark."

"It was then that he said I was his inspiration," Aurora cried, triumphantly, while Miss Penrose scraped her palette.

"Then see that you attend strictly to business," and she made a rasping sound with her knife, "for the poem he read last night was simply atroclous."

"Oh, aunt, how can you!" Miss Penrose paced the studio, triumphantly jingling the keys in her apron pockets. "I shall certainly tell him what you said."

"Tell him, by all means!"

"And poets so sensitive, and I wanted

"Tell him, by all means!"

"And poets so sensitive, and I wanted him to look up to you like—a son."

Miss Penrose stopped suddenly before her niece. "Aurora, we will draw the line there. Roger Lythgoe is five years older than I am, and I don't propose to burden myself with a ready-made son of that age. Marry him by all means—but if you value his reputation don't be his inspiration! Come to think of it, what are you marrying him for, any-how?"

"He is so distinguished." said Aurora

how?"

"He is so distinguished," said Aurora. She was answering a question she had often asked herself. "Besides, he adores me, and I never cared for young men. I used to learn his poems by heart at school—the girls raved over them. It will be such fun going back to visit them as Mrs. Roger Lythgoe. I shall give them all his autograph. 'Mrs. Roger Lythgoe'—how well it will look on a card—At home from 8 to 10.' I shall go out a great deal, for I shall want to help him all I can. Roger—to think that I shall call him 'Roger—means to stop over in Springfield to see father. He is going tomorrow. We shall be married in the spring," and Aurora blushed and sparkled. "But I wish he didn't live in California. I hate to write. He says he'll need my letters for inspiration. Of course he teils me everything now, and it seems that some one has been writing him the heavenliest letters these last two years—a woman, of course. He said he nearly made a fool of himself and fell in love with a mind—fancy! But, of course, this is the end now; it wouldn't do for him to raise false hopes."

"I do wish he were as tall as I am," Aurora confessed uneasily: "the girls at school are such ones to notice."
"Leave him at home. You have his

"Would she expect him to explain extravagant passages in his correspondence? It would be very embarrassing if she did.
"Come up to my balcony," she said, with a slightly sarcastic smile; "there you will find plenty of subjects for poema." He climbed heavily after her, is breathing short and mopping his forehead.

In the corner of the balcony young Aurora lay among the red cushions. She sprang up with glowing color. She was triding among the red cushions. She was trying to explain the A B C of love to a backward old child.
"Just think," he said, and the pretty color flushed to her bright eyes, "that I was his inspiration." Miss Penrose closed one eye and examined her canvas. "And yet you remember you said I was commonplace. I told him you said I was commonplace. I told him you said I was commonplace. I told him you said I was commonplace." and Aurora pouted.

"That was a mistake on your part, child, for he has at least a great respect for my—mind, He will remember that romark."

"It was then that he said I was his inspiration," Aurora cried, triumphantly, while Miss Penrose scraped her palette.

"Then see that you attend strictly to business," and she made a rasping sound with her knife, "for the poem he realiast night was simply atroclous."

"Oh, naunt, how can you!" Miss Penrose paced the studio, triumphantly, ling-like the base has heaven would."

Someone spoke to her. She tried to look melanchiy—she felt she ought to look melan

spectacies and made his white hair glisten.

Someone spoke to her. She tried to look melancholy—she felt she ought to. It was one of the handsome young men in tennis flannels.

"You are Miss Penrose," he said, smilling. "I am Robert Meriton. My sisters called on you, but you weren't in."

"I have been much engaged lately," Aurora said with elderly affability.
"Yes, with that old gentleman."

"That gentleman," and she ignored the offensive adjective, "is Mr. Roger Lythgoe, Bobert Lythgoe, the poot."

"By jove, you don't say so! I remember learning his pieces by heart when I was quite a little shaver, and getting spanked when I couldn't remember 'em. So that's Roger Lythgoe? But I say, Miss Penrose, will you play tennis this afternoon?"

"Yes, I will play," she said, very soher-

"Yes, I will play," she said, very soher-ity, to balance the confession, and she felt a little guilty because he strolled home beside her.

felt a little gullty because he strolled home beside her.

Her aunt was on the balcony; there was a dreary look in her blue eyes and she sighed. The slam of the front door and two young voices roused her; then Aurora burst into the room breathless and eager. The young man was patiently waiting down stairs.

"And so your dear poet has gone, my child," and she drew her toward her. "And what will you do now?" You must not cry your pretty eyes out?"

"I am going to play tennis with the Moritons. That's what I came to tell you"—Aurora was breathless—"Mr. Meriton is waiting below," and she was gone like a flash.

Miss Penrose looked down again at the

the easy that some one has been writing him the heavenliest letters these last two years—a woman, of course. He said he nearly made a fool of himself and fell in love with a mind—fancy. But of course, this is the end now; it wouldn't do for him to raise false hopes.

"I do wish he were as tail as I am, Aurora confessed uneasily; "the girls at school are such ones to notice."

"Leave him at home. You have his name and you can take his autographs."

"Aunt Aurora, I sometimes think you are very sarcastic. Roger does. He says that you are not quite what he expected. He thought you would be sadder—more pecific."

"Did he, indeed?"

"The sum of the real sum of the sum of the real sum of the sum o

s. He is sky, and the rowboats and the little yachts had come to their moorings, daz-zling white with a new coat of paint. The dapanese screen again sheltered the the Japanese serven again sheltered the high balcony and the long chair stood in its accustomed corner. Miss Penrose lay among the scarlet cushions and looked

"Child, do you think that you can make m happy?"

thing, and Roger is the greatest American poet, you know."

"Was it his idea to meet you bere?"

"Well, no, aunt, You see, the people at home are all so dreadfully unpoetic, and I thought papa and mamma and Roger would have so little to talk about."

The day Roger Lythgoe arrived Miss Penrose was alone. The room was still and peaceful and the sunlight fell through the plants at the windows, and one shaft lay at her feet as she sat reading by the open fire.

She looked up startled, and a faint blush crept into her cheeks. "You were not expected until tonight," she exclaimed. "Aurora is at a tennis tournament—she will feel so disappointed."

He had grown older and his beard was grayer and there was a weary look to his eyes.

He smiled faintly as he drew up a chair to the fire. "I am afraid I shall be a frightful contrast to those young fellows. What, in heaven's name, did she see in an old fellow like me"

"Surely you know your own worth," she said quickly.

"No, I have lost faith in myself. I have come to the turning point of life. There is no future only a past. I show it in my work; it's been rot this past year. Enough of me!" and his face cleared. "What have you done?"

"Nothing!" she said, impatiently. "I, too, am growing old, it seems. The winter was dreary—my work was bad."

"Today is one of your days," and he watched her face; "you should be sketching; the orchards are full of apple-blossoms and sunshine. I always think of your brush."

He paced the floor and finally stopped before her.

"You will think we delicated."

"You will think we delicated.

be my glory that I was able to be by word or deed."

He held her two hands in his grasp that pained, and their eye. "Roger," and out of her face fac the lines of pain and bitterness, at eyes filled with unaccustomed "you do not know how I love you." "Why. Roger, when did you e An uneasy silence fell on the noisy He shook hands with Aurora—he et liss her before all these curious

That night Aurora went to her coom for moral support.

"Hasn't he grown old;" and she herself on the bed. Miss Penrose ist Aurora with a guilty start and away a pile of letters,

"The idea of looking at old let and Aurora yawned. "I wish wouldn't write letters—it's such my read them. Then Roger's got the dreadful handwriting. But hash grown old!"

"I don't think," said Miss Pethat he looks happy,"

"Don't you? I wonder why? I he adores me."

Fortunately she did not wait

inswer.

"The cruelty of youth!" old nurmured, and beat away a mot ried to commit suicide in the lame of the candle.

The tide was low. They strolled the firm, gray beach strewn will weed and whitening crabshells and les.

"Is it reasonable that she can me?" he exclaimed, and stood stor and looked at her. The wrinkles on her forehead va and, she laughed. "You must n He laughed against his will, Well, to be honest, she will

unhappy."

They walked on in silence.

"What does, a handsome your
ture like that want to marry r
ne cried in desperation.

"You have asked her; what "Did I believe her capable of ing her word and my heart? She singularly obtuse! What shall I do a gentleman, I cannot break my

"You've just deserted me. Roger, Aurora pouted. "What were you in that church?" Hoger turned to his spectacles and old Aurora young Aurora to the couch and one hand and then Roger patte other, but neither spoke.

"What is the matter?" Aurora e "Aurora, my darling," Aunt Aurora, my darling," Aurora e "Aurora, en to blame." But I not seem to find words to begin. "Is father sick, or mother?" arora turned white.

"No, child, no—"
"What has happened?" and she to draw her hands away, but they cluing to her.
"Aurora, Aurora, I know you wigive.—" Roger began very uncer inst as the door was opened and a

### NEARLY EVERYTHING GOES IN BOUNTIFUL

Attempted Enforcement of the Smallpox Quarantine Said to Be Glaring Failure.

Everything goes in Bountiful, from poof law in regard to the one as lax as the apparatus from headquarters responded quarantine of the other. There are today not less than thirty to thirty-five cases of smallpox in the village of Bountiful, and the end is not yet.

Persons supposedly under quarantine

A private safe may be rented in the fire and burglar-proof vaults of the Salt Lake Security and Trust Company.

22 Up. Main street, \$2.00 per year.

walk the streets without restraint while whole families who have been exposed to the contagion just visit around. The Smedley family, under quarantine after the second case in the family had been discovered, have been partly vaccinated and part are supposedly detained in the house. Those who have been vaccinated play and visit with the confined members during the day time and retire to the barn, where they sleep with their father, who runs a daily milk route, and that and similar cases are the reasons for the present epidemic. It might be proper to suggest an embargo against the south end of Davis county.

More Boys and Matches.

Fire damaged the one-story, frame tool house of George Culley and T. Buckley at 835-39 Second East street, to the extent of \$75. Monday evening. The fire by boys playing in the tool matches. Chief Glore and the

A private safe may be rented in the

#### INTERESTING MEETING HELD BY SOCIALISTS

At the regular Monday night meeting of the local Socialist organization, at the quarters in the Commercial club building the Rev. William Thurston Brown made a report of the doings of the national Socialist convention at Chicago, May

tion of woman suffrage came up for censideration and that the convention de-

sideration and that the convention de-cided that if the women Socialists wanted to take up the movement they should do it as individuals, irrespective of the or-ganization.

Mrs William Thurston Brown said that there was a well defined movement on foot toward the organization of a So-cialist Sunday school that would be free of all sectarian dictation. It is likely that this Sunday school will be organized soon.

soon.

Next Tuesday night the Socialists of the city will meet to elect delegates to the convention to be held in this city tuty 24.

### THROWING BASEBALL AT MONKEY STOPPED

When Proprietor of Game Declines to Change Places With the Animal.

Throwing baseballs at a monkey in the carnival on Walker's field Mo day night caused a number of indignant persons to call the police station and ask that the strange sport be stopped. Lieutenant Shannon sent Motorcycle Patrol man Dan Grundvig to the grounds to investigate the case. On his report orders were issued by Lieutenant Shannon to

When Motorcycle Patrolman Grundvig arrived at the field he found a monker in a pit and a number of persons engaged in throwing baseballs at the animal. The

in throwing baseballs at the animal. The man who ran the game was charging 5 cents for two throws at the monkey. He was doing a league game business. The agillity of the monkey saved it from being killed by the balls which came speeding past its head. Its frantic endeavors to evade the baseballs were pathette. When Patrolman Grundvig reported the matter to Lieutenant Shannon the following order was issued:

"You tell the owner of that game he must stop it instantly or we will put him in jail. The department falls to see the humor in tossing baseballs at a defense-less monkey caged in a pit. Nor will the department allow it. If the owner of the game wants to put the monkey at the bench selling the tickets for the baseballs and take the monkey's place in the pit. the game can go on. Otherwise he must stop the game."

The game stopped.

ANOTHER TWO DAYS FOR COMPANIES TO PAY

The original assessment made on corporations by the internal revenue collector for this district, which includes Utah, Idaho and Montana, amounted to \$250,000, of which amount only \$70,000 sas been pald and most of that under

protest.

The tax is payable on or before June 30, but another two days have to clapse when the tax will become delinquent. With this delinquency comes an added 5 per cent on the whole amount of the tax due and 1 per cent interest for each thirty days it remains unpuid. Evidently the corporations are going to fight the new law to a finish.

Barn Damaged by Fire.

Fire, caused by boys smoking, damaged the barn of Frank Pairbanks, 1358 Eleventh East street. Monday afternoon, to the extent of \$150. Chief Glore and the apparatus from studion No. 5 responded. Owing to the high wind, the surrounding property was in danger until the arrival of the department, which soon had water playing on the roofs of the adjoining suildings.

Hart Gets Four Months.

William A. Hart, charged with exhibiting a deadly weapon, pleaded guilty before Judge Bowman, Monday, and was sentenced to serve four months in the county jail. Hart, while in an advanced state of intoxication, attempted to enter Saltair Sunday night and, when refused entrance, drew his revolver and threatened to kill Deputy Sheriffs Burt Seager and Claude Russell and a bystander. He was finally overpowered and taken to the county jail.

# "Fourth of July" Specials

well dressed on the Fourth. Here's your opportunity, even though you haven't



can be dressed fashionab and comfortably on a ver small expenditure by con-

#### a fat purse. Hundreds of Great Bargains

This announcement will be welcomed by hundreds of Salt Lake people who appreciate an opportunity of saving upon clothing and furnishing

always needed just before a holiday. We announce a "Fourth of July" Special Sale upon our entire stock, at beginning this morning the same reductions as we made during the gre Bargain Carnival will be made. The goods are still upon the counters a arranged the same as during the sale, and we are making this sale partly avoid the necessity of putting these summer goods back into the boxes.

In addition to reductions of 30c, 40c and 50c on the dollar upon our entire stock, we have market many broken lines even 10% to 20% lower



Our stock contains clothing, furnishing hats, shoes, etc., for men, women a children in the best materials and newe styles, and now, just before the gre National Holiday, when everybody wan good clothes, we make reductions that a in many cases lower than the cost to us.

Come in today and look at the remain able reductions. Imagine saving a third half or even more upon fine goods such we sell.

Special Prices Go Inf **Effect Today** 

18 and 20 EAST FIRST SOUTH

The Tribune Gives Your Wants the Largest Circulat



## First semi-annual sale of Bradford clothes

Our first season in Salt Lake City will soon close, and we thank the many friends we have made for having allowed us to show them the superiority of the Bradford way of making clothes, the excellence of Bradford styles and the quality of Bradford ma-

We must now clear the racks, and when reductions as great as the following are quoted on clothes of the Bradford sort, we are sure of the result-a crowd of interesting men who know a good thing when they see it.

\$45.00 Bradford Suits at ......\$33.75 \$40.00 Bradford Suits at ..............\$30.00 \$28.00 Bradford Suits at ..... \$21.00 \$20.00 Bradford Suits at ..... \$15.00

SALE STARTS THIS MORNING. Fabrics, styles and patterns here to suit men of any age and in any walk in life. We can suit all men, from the most conservative Salt Lake Security and Trust Company.

The Bradford Clothes Shop "For Men and Young Men"